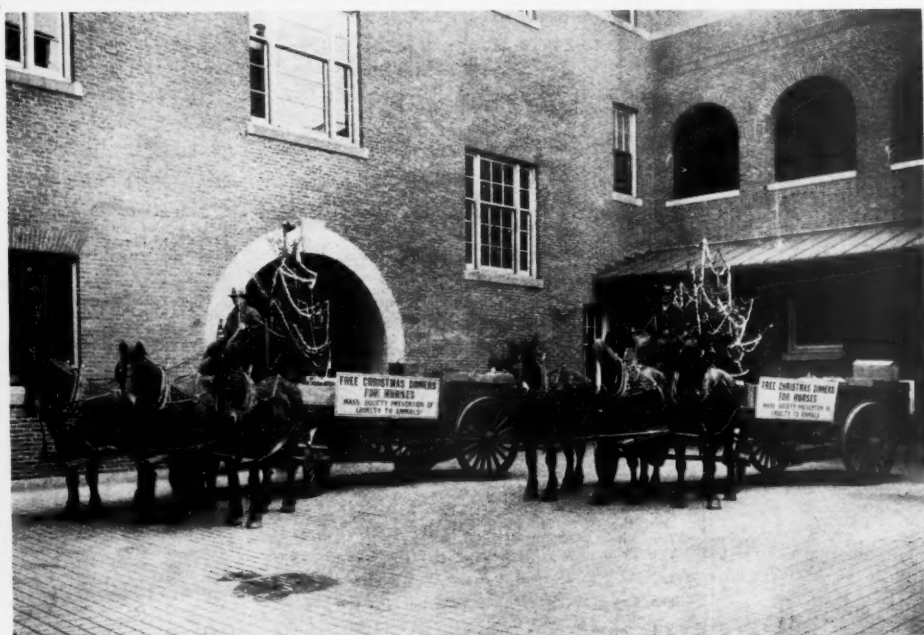


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Our Dumb Animals

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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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Vol. 66

February, 1933

No. 2

Canada reports 3,115,532 horses, the average number per farm 5.3 as compared with 5.7 in 1921.

Do you know that there are nearly twice as many men under arms in Europe as before the Great War? "What fools these mortals be."

The Royal S. P. C. A. of Great Britain has recently opened Memorial Dispensary to perpetuate the memory of the animals and birds whose lives were sacrificed in the Great War.

Sir John French states that it was computed that 5,000 horses a day were being put out of action at least in the early part of the War in 1915, and on all fronts the number of horses was estimated to be at least a million.

We greatly regret to learn from the last issue of that valuable little French publication, *La Protection des Animaux*, that it is to be discontinued for lack of the necessary funds to carry it on. It has always been a welcome exchange.

The *Animal World* tells us that in Europe at least the circus is becoming a thing of the past. Ten years ago there were 48 in Germany, now only eight. It further says, "The continued existence of another circus is now in the balance, as its recent tour in Holland has failed, largely owing to the work of the Dutch Jack London Club."

Beginning with the March issue we shall publish a series of very interesting articles on "The Squirrel Tribe," by Mr. Walter A. Dyer whose contributions to *Our Dumb Animals* are always a treat. Mr. Dyer for several years managing editor of *Country Life in America*, and he is the author of many books, several of which deal with dogs. If you are interested in gray squirrels, red squirrels, and chipmunks, don't fail to read the three articles which will appear in the March, April and May numbers, respectively.

The Centuries or the Hours

To Which Are You Listening?

EMERSON once bade men listen to the centuries rather than to the hours. To which are we listening today when we think of the lot of that vast world of animal life for unnumbered ages subjected to the good and evil treatment of mankind? Under what staggering burdens of pain and woe, of brutality and torture have they wended their way from the dawn of history. Few the voices to plead their cause until little more than a hundred years ago. Read the records of empires dead and buried beneath the sands of deserts thousands of years ago, learn how cheap even human life seemed in those far-off days and imagine what the lot of animals was. True there has doubtless always been the exceptional human soul loving the companionship of horse or dog, or grateful to the ox or ass which had served him. Many are the evidences of this. But to the vast majority of men the animal has been but a creature made to serve his will or pleasure no matter at what cost to the creature itself. Think of those countless cruelties—your imagination cannot even conceive the appalling mass of suffering endured for aeons by the animals of the world.

And what do the hours tell us today? That in many a land cruelty still tracks the footsteps of life's lowly children, still swings the lash and grips the prod, still counts the sufferings of myriads of cattle, sheep and swine as of little worth in blood-stained shambles; yet over against the crying of the hours listen to the voice of the centuries. A thousand crimes against animal life to which once men were indifferent are now forbidden in every land called civilized. Yes, say the centuries, just as no longer slavery is the common lot of men, just as no longer emperor or king can hold a power of life or death over millions of his subjects, so no longer is the story of beast and bird one of almost universal hardship and pain.

Look at a map of the world. On more than a thousand places you can place your finger

today and say, "Here a society for protection of animal life has sprung into being. Millions of people have become members of these societies, millions of money have been given to soften the lot of toiling and tormented animals. Into thousands of schools apostles of humane education have gone with their message of justice and compassion toward all life, of peace and good will among men. More and more over the whole world is this humane education moulding millions of the world's youth." Measured by the hours of yesterday or today the progress may seem slow. "Wonderful," say the centuries, "if you summon us to tell our story, has this progress been."

Oh, ye Toilers for life's better days, for peace instead of war, for human brotherhood instead of prejudice and hate, for good will among the nations instead of selfish nationalism, for justice and compassion toward men and beast—listen to the Centuries and not to the Hours!

The Human Side

One of our most devoted and efficient humane education workers visiting schools in a New England state, writes, "I received a letter yesterday from one of the most remote, forlorn, poverty-stricken, utterly unprivileged group of school children I ever saw, and the teacher wrote to tell me how deeply interested the children were in trying to do for their animals and that since I was there they had been trying to patch up their pitiful little barns. It is into such places as this that the beautiful literature and pictures from the Society make their way. This is work the angels might long to do. The schools themselves are good, the teachers true to their New England consciences and unusually full of kindness, too."

Our readers' attention is called to the two bills relating to animals that have been introduced into the legislature this year, copies of which appear on page 24.

Do Animals Enjoy Tricks?

L. E. EUBANKS

RECENTLY a lover of smoking showed me how he had taught the family cat to sit on its haunches and hold a burning cigarette in its mouth. When I remonstrated, he claimed that the animal enjoyed the performance, especially sitting before a mirror. He said that the cat actually grinned at its ridiculous reflection.

But I observed that he had considerable difficulty in putting the pet through its stunt. To me, the animal's every movement revealed extreme repugnance. Many of these people who force dumb animals to do unnatural things deliberately "kid" themselves into believing that the victims enjoy such antics; either that or they have less than average intelligence.

When animals are forced to do hazardous things, it always angers me to hear those responsible argue that there is really no danger. A like condition among humans is seen in teaching a boy to swim by carrying him to deep water and turning him loose. His friend, the expert swimmer, is near him; but nine times out of ten the pupil suffers the nth degree of terror before he stumbles upon the right movements to sustain himself, or is rescued by the teacher.

The dumb animal has no such assurance as the person who learns a dangerous stunt. It cannot understand that such and such provision guarantees its safety. The parachute-jumping dog is only one of many examples. Only after repeated experiences—if ever—does the canine know what the parachute will do. And if he knows that, he may know also that the device can fail.

All of us are familiar with the saying, "If you believe it, it's so"—meaning that the mental attitude, even falsely taken, is more potent than the actual truth. Men have been known to sicken and die solely because they persistently *believed* themselves ill, in spite of expert physicians' assurance that the ailment was only imaginary.

When a man jumps from a fifth-story window into the firemen's net, he has every reason to believe in the net, but no man ever jumped without a tremor of fearful doubt. And the animal cannot reason with itself on psychological lines, as the man can; hasn't even that encouragement, which means that every could-be fatal experience is a virtual death, as far as suffering is concerned.

But the trainer argues that *he* knows the thing is safe, and that is enough. The animal will be scared a bit but not really injured, etc. In other words, the man is going to think for the poor victim. If he can't "think for" one of his own species, as proved in the swim-or-drown system, how can he instill the necessary assurance of safety into the dumb animal?

Men say that mental anguish is more terrible than physical pain. And fear does not pre-suppose intellect; any living creature can know fear for its life. Like a human, an animal "might as well be killed as scared to death."

Join the Jack London Club

The vicious and cruel exploitation of animals can be boycotted from the public stage. Send your name for enrolment to *Our Dumb Animals*.



SMALL HERD OF ELK ON SUMMER RANGE

Twilight in the Plaza de Toros

Editorial in *Christian Science Monitor*.

FROM Spain comes a dispatch with the information that "something has gone wrong with the national sport"—bull-fighting. The season just ended showed a total of only 215 performances, compared with 249 in 1931 and 302 in 1930.

A number of explanations for the decline are forthcoming from the experts. There's the economic depression, of course; there was only one fatality during the season, and that "insignificant"—an 18-year-old apprentice; the Socialist Party has waged a strong campaign against bull-fighting; the new agrarian law has broken up many of the great estates where bulls were bred for the *corrida de toros*.

Such are the interpretations of the experts. But it is in the final paragraph of the dispatch, after the experts have done with their pontifications, that there is disclosed, at least by implication, what one suspects is the simple and gratifying explanation of the whole matter. It appears that puzzlement is universal over the apathy of the most devoted followers of bull-fighting. The great Chicuelo prepares for the kill with his old talent—but the crowd no longer greets this spectacle with hysteria. Hats and flowers are not tossed into the arena with the old-time enthusiasm nor in such volume as of yore. And—perhaps most inexplicable of all—the great matadors walk these days through the streets of Madrid with not a single youngster trailing them in awe and worship. This is the overwhelming ignominy.

Can it be that bull-fighting is on the wane not because of the reasons advanced by the experts, but preponderantly because, quite simply, its fans are passing beyond its shocking crudities and cruelties?

The Tibetan yak is not only a reliable beast of burden and a provider of food, but his tail is used as a ceremonial fly-switch and is often represented in Indian sculptures.

Beavers are equipped with oil glands on each side of the body and with toenail combs on their hind feet, and they are constantly preening and primping when not sleeping, eating, playing or working.

Elk and Their Haunts

W. S. LONG

THE two largest species of deer to be found on the American continent are the moose and the elk. These animals were once extremely common, the elk especially being found almost throughout the United States. It originally was found from Peace River, Canada, to New Mexico, and from the Eastern States to the Pacific coast, but is now almost entirely confined to Wyoming, except in places where it has been re-introduced.

After the moose the elk is the largest deer in North America, the bulls weighing up to eight hundred pounds. It carries very large antlers, but instead of being broad and flat, like the moose, they are round, like other deer. They are most nearly related to the European stag.

The elk spends the summers in the cool open forests on the mountain slopes, where the cows can raise their calves in security and the bulls let their antlers grow. In winter they go down into the valleys. Elk formerly occupied all kinds of habitats, but are now found only in the higher mountains. Their general habits are much like the moose, but not quite so aquatic. As with the moose, fierce combats among the males are common in the fall. Elk are very polygamous, each bull gathering a small herd of cows for his own.

Although strictly prohibited by law, many elk are killed each year for their canine teeth, which are made into lodge emblems.

The near extermination of this beautiful animal is another blot against the record of the American people. There are probably thirty or forty thousand elk alive in the United States today, against the millions a hundred years ago. They thrive well in captivity, and are being introduced in many of their old haunts where they have been extinct for fifty years or more. If given protection from hunters, they thrive and in some places, as in Pennsylvania, have become very common.

Nature, who has been teaching school for millions of years, is a very patient teacher, yet not indulgent, with a rod of discipline which is tooth, claw, hunger, cold, drought, and flood, with the penalty usually death.

Toads—the Matchless Sentinels of Garden and Field

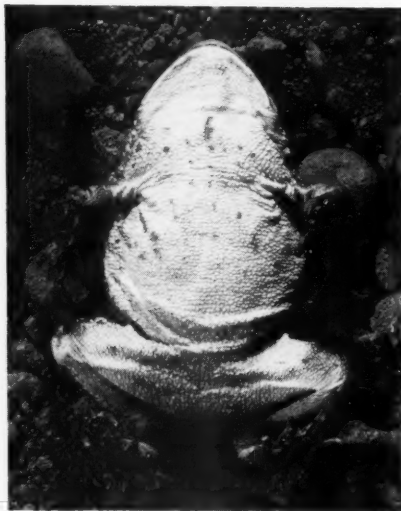
PERCY A. MORRIS

TO most of us the toad is an ugly, uninteresting creature. We can't eat him, he is worthless for bass bait, and his hide has no commercial value. Furthermore he is supposed to give us warts if we pick him up. However, we cannot see that he does any particular harm as he hops contentedly about our yards and gardens. He does not eat our fruit nor destroy any of our growing crops. So we tolerate the toad and, excepting when one falls into our well or gets himself mixed up among the whirling blades of our lawn mower, we never give him a second thought.

However, consider the toad, you nature enthusiasts and bird lovers. Right in your back yard you have one of the most interesting, amusing, and economically beneficial creatures that you can hope to find in seven days' travel; one that will not fly away when you approach him. An insect destroyer par-excellence that you can leisurely study without the necessity of buying a pair of field glasses.

The worst thing that we can say about the toad is that his appearance is certainly against him. The rough warty skin is anything but attractive. In habits he may appear stupid and dull, but he has a duty to perform, and he performs it nobly.

Late in the afternoon, as the shadows are lengthening in garden and orchard, the toad



COMMON TOAD
Showing the spotted ventral surface

37 full-grown tent caterpillars. It was found that during the early summer months, 16% of their food consisted of cut-worms, the arch enemy of the cabbage and tomato grower. (1)

It is extremely unlikely that any of our insectivorous birds could match this record, and, remember, the toad does not steal our cherries.

It is highly educational as well as amusing to watch a toad out hunting. Let us say he comes across a rotting pear on which the ants and flies are holding high carnival. Our toad stops hopping a few feet away and slowly crawls up to within a few inches. Here he sits, cocking his head first one way and then another, until he singles out a nearby fly. His mouth opens and shuts and the fly disappears. He repeats the operation and another fly is gone. It takes very close observation and unusual eyesight to see what is taking place.

The toad's tongue is not fastened at the back but is attached by its tip to the front part of the lower jaw. When he opens his mouth the tongue is hurled out for its entire length, not unlike a jack-in-the-box, and the unfortunate fly is held a prisoner by the sticky secretion with which it is covered. The tongue pops back instantly, carrying the fly to its proper destination, and our toad looks around for the next victim. We are surprised to find such lightning-like movement associated with the slow lethargic toad.

In late April or early May, after their winter's hibernation, the toads desert our fields and gardens and gather in large numbers in the nearby ponds and marshes. Here they paddle about for a few weeks, adding their musical trill to the other welcome sounds of spring. The males only do the singing, and during the duration of the trill, their throats swell to alarming proportions.

The eggs differ from those of frogs by being in strings rather than in masses.



SPADEFOOT TOAD

comes forth from his retreat beneath some stone or board walk and starts out on his nightly police duty. To a toad anything that moves and is not too big to swallow is acceptable food. Flies, worms, slugs, beetles, grasshoppers, in fact all of the commonly accepted enemies of the agriculturist are on his bill of fare.

All night long he hops up and down between the rows of growing things and woe betide the cut-worm or potato beetle that moves within range of his vision.

He does not draw the line at insects as large and formidable as June-bugs and hairy caterpillars, and has even been observed to swallow a wasp with no apparent discomfort.

The U. S. Biological Survey has examined the stomach contents of hundreds of toads and has discovered that 88% of their food consists of injurious insects. To cite a few individual examples, one stomach contained 55 army worms, another contained 65 larvae of the gypsy moth, while a third contained

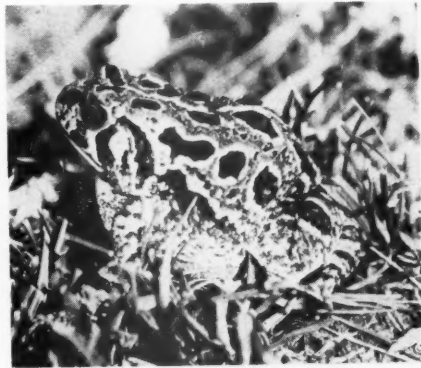
Tiny tadpoles replace the eggs in a few days, and by mid-July the margins of ponds will be found to be alive with toadlets, each one less than half an inch long, black, and with tiny thread-like legs that seem hardly capable of supporting it.

For the first few weeks of their land life, they seem to miss the moisture that their bodies have been accustomed to and move about very little, excepting when the grass is dewy. But let a sudden shower come up, and a little toad will suddenly appear from under every stone and chip and start hopping happily about among the splashing rain drops. This is the "shower of toads" of our grandfathers.

There are three species of toad found in southern New England, the Spadefoot, Common, and Fowler's toad.

The Spadefoot toad (*Scaphiopus holbrookii*) will not often be seen, partly due to its rarity, and partly owing to its burrowing habits. It gets its name from the horny growth on the inside of its hind feet, with which it can dig quite rapidly backwards, backing into the hole as it is dug. It leaves its burrow only at night and, aside from being occasionally turned out by the plow, is seldom noticed.

The Spadefoot is slightly smaller than the common toad, of a yellowish ashy color with usually a curving yellowish band



FWLER'S TOAD

beginning in back of each eye and extending down the back to merge at his posterior extremity. The skin is smoother, or perhaps we should say less warty than with other toads.

The common toad (*Bufo americanus*) and Fowler's toad (*Bufo fowleri*) are easily confused. In general Fowler's toad is somewhat larger and lighter colored. It is usually more spotted and striped and is lacking the larger warts characteristic of the common toad. Its under side is never spotted, while the under side of the common toad is.

Fowler's toad comes from hibernation later in the spring than the common toad and will be found breeding some two or three weeks after the other kind has started its courtship.

Toads are capable of expelling a milky fluid, which is secreted by glands in the skin, especially the two large swellings behind the eyes (parotoid glands). This he does only when in great pain as when bitten, or seized by the talons of some bird of

(1) Dickerson, M. C.; The Frog Book. p. 84

prey. This secretion is harmless to the skin, but is apparently extremely disagreeable to the taste; at least a dog will seldom pick up a second toad, his first experience, probably when he was a puppy, leaving a lasting impression upon him.

The toad has several enemies, among them owls, hawks, and crows, as well as domestic fowls. Skunks are said to feed upon them, being one of the few mammals they have to fear. By far their worst enemy, however, is the snake. Some snakes, such as the flat-headed adder (hog-nosed snake) feed almost exclusively upon toads.

Needless to say, you may handle toads without any fear of contracting warts. The "warts" of the toad's back bear no relation to the warts to which the human skin is subject.

The "myth of the warts" belongs in the same category as the tale of the hoop snake.

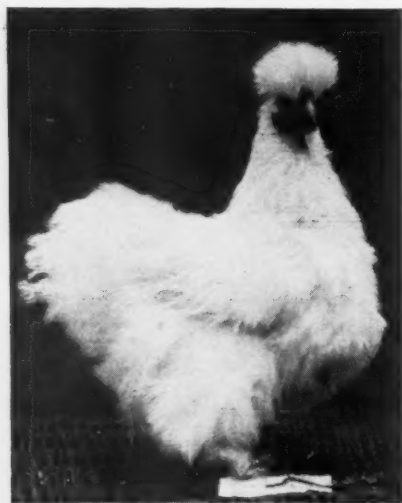
The alert nighthawk who feeds on small moths caught while on the wing has the best-hidden nest of all ground birds, yet this nest is betrayed by the mother bird, who rises directly from the nest into the air when disturbed.

The "Silkie" Bantam

ROY VAN HOESSEN

The "silkie" bantam is the most unique specimen of all poultrydom, and is one of the oldest of the over one hundred varieties of bantams. The silkie does not have feathers like other fowls, but is covered with a silky down, from whence it derives its name.

Silkie bantams are bred in white, black, golden and partridge, but the most perfect are the white, as they are the original, and the variations of color are yet in the making. Aside from their plumage they are unique in that their skin, flesh, and bones are a dark mulberry color. They are good layers of medium-sized eggs. Their most



valuable characteristic is their propensity to be broody, and they are prized by game and rare bird breeders for hatching and rearing valuable and tender birds. Silkie bantams cannot fly. They are great pets for children.



CIGAR-BOX CAFETERIA FOR BIRDS IN WINTER

The Junco

CLARENCE MANSFIELD LINDSAY

*The junco is a funny bird;
He spends his winters here!
Then, when the robins note is heard,
He flies up north! How queer!*

*He doesn't mind the cold, you know.
Thick feathers keep him warm;
And he's contented mid the snow
When'er the white flakes swarm!*

*His coat is gray, just like your slate!
His bill's a lovely pink!
Of his tail feathers, white and straight,
He's very proud, I think.*

*Out by the barn he may be found,
Eating the seeds from hay;
Or to your door he will come round,
If crumbs are thrown his way!*

*In merry flocks the juncos band—
They like to keep together!
And all fly to the northern land
When comes the warm spring weather!*

*And very glad indeed am I,
The junco is so queer!
When other birds will southward fly,
He spends the winter here!*

The sting of the honey-bee is barbed, but those of the wasp, hornet, and bumblebee are smooth like a needle, so that they can sting and sting again.

The reason our ruffed grouse survives and prospers all year in our climate is because it eats the buds of certain trees, while the quail, or "Bob White," often perishes because it is a ground feeder whose food is often cut off by the deep snow of winter.

The honeymooners were driving through the country when they met a farmer leading a mule. Just as they were about to pass, the animal turned towards the motor car and brayed vociferously.

The bridegroom in a teasing way turned to his wife and remarked: "Relative of yours?"

"Yes," she said sweetly, "by marriage."
—Christian Science Monitor

Simple Bird Feeder

FRANK W. BENTLEY, JR.

MANY of us with sincere pity for the small birds after a heavy fall of snow make some effort to toss out crumbs and other light table left-overs which mean existence to them. However, in many cases our little feathered friends do not get the full benefit of our offerings unless means are provided to keep the crumbs from quickly going down into the snow, and a great deal of the food is covered by the birds in their efforts to feed. Take an old empty cigar box and quickly make a simple practical feeder for them as shown. Take the box apart carefully. With the sides and ends construct a neat trough for the crumbs and bits. Between the pieces and at the bottom nail the cover and bottom of the box using the same box nails. These two last additions will keep the feeder from sinking down into the snow and provide a place for the birds to alight around the trough. From this little arrangement a considerable number of birds can feed with little or no loss of the food.

Servants of Man

WILLIS MEHANNA

I have noticed chickadees and small woodpeckers pecking at the dead, dry cornstalks during the months of November and December as though they got nourishment from them. They did, and this sustenance was in the form of chinch bug eggs, grasshopper eggs and the eggs of other plant parasites which prey upon farm crops, lessening their usefulness and making the raising of crops more difficult. These birds, if allowed to multiply, will save the farmer the necessity of buying costly plant sprays which are only a partial success at best. The work these birds do costs nothing and it is a pleasure to have them around and watch their actions. All the co-operation they need is a grove or wood-lot with some big elms or any sort of big trees in it with a few dead limbs on them for the birds to bore into for nesting-places.

*"Make channels for the streams of Love,
Where they may broadly run;
And Love has overflowing streams
To fill them every one."*

A Storm-Tossed Bird

MARGARET E. BRUNER

*One winter day when skies were drear,
A strange bird in a tree near by
Sat shivering as if in fear,
And seemed too tired to fly.*

*I had not known its kind before,—
Soft gray, tinged with a golden hue;
I think it strayed from some far shore
And yearned for mates it knew.*

*And when I called, it looked at me
With trusting, yet half-frightened eyes,
That spoke far more beseechingly
Than chirps or hungry cries.*

*But in the interval when I
Had gone indoors in search of food,
It vanished, yet the tree and sky
Held less of solitude.*

*I like to think some guiding force
Came to allay its fear and pain,
And steered it safely on its course
Back to its own again.*

"The hope of those who look for the abolition of war is in the humane education of all the boys and girls now in the grade schools, high schools, and colleges."

Mother Grouse and the Fire Demon

CONRAD O. PETERSON

THE forest fire had raged for two days, and we, under the supervision of the fire warden, had just put the fire under control. On leaving the scene of the fire, I crossed acres and acres of burned territory, blackened and still smoldering in places.

Suddenly, there was a whir of wings, and a ruffed grouse arose from the ground near my feet, and fluttered away toward some blackened bushes. Wondering why she had stayed through that fiery holocaust, I looked under a blackened log and found the reason. A nest entirely filled with eggs! And they were safe because while one end of the log had been destroyed, the other end had been left untouched.

I am sure that if the fire had destroyed the nest, the mother grouse would have perished with it, as no doubt other forest mothers had died. That is one reason why Northern Wisconsin is building miles and miles of fire lanes through their cut-over lands—not only for the protection of growing forests, and safe-guarding homes of settlers, but also for the protection of our forest friends.

The Officer Birds Arrive

MAUDE WOOD HENRY

LATE in March, when the pussy willows are showing silvery green in the marshes and about the ponds and streams, you are apt to see a bachelor gathering of spruce, epauleted "Officer Birds" that appear to be having a social conclave. Vast chattering and gayety, with a ringing chorus of fifes, announce that these young "officers" are entertaining themselves—and any chance listener—to their top-most bent. A glance at their black uniforms and scarlet and gold shoulder straps tells you they are red-wings, the gayest of the blackbirds. But why bachelors? As they jubilate there among the willows and alders and sway on the cat-tails and dead marsh grass you will note that there is not a lady among them. The advance guard of these birds is always male. But they are not confirmed bachelors, by any means. Just wait a bit, a week or two perhaps, and you will witness a still greater pow-wow. The ladies will be the cause. But you will be surprised that such gay young officers can be content with anything less handsome and striking than themselves. Lady red-wings are certainly plain, not to say homely. They arrive in a traveling costume of black and brown, relieved by rosettes and trimmings of white and buff, and this costume serves them as bridal raiment when the courting days are over. But its very inconspicuousness has an advantage in nesting-time when no bird wishes to unduly call attention to its whereabouts.

Assuming that your interest has been aroused to the point of a follow-up acquaintance, your next exciting glimpse of these birds will doubtless reveal the newlyweds in possession of their charming domicile. It may take several trips to locate it, but when discovered you will be repaid. More than likely the excited father-to-be will tip you off as to its probable site by cir-

cling over it, or he may give you a clue from a near-by tree-top where he is pouring out his soul in a rich solo intended for the ears of his lady. The nest may contain eggs or some particularly unattractive fledglings composed chiefly of wide-open mouths. But you will love the architecture of the red-wings' home, if not greatly taken with its inmates. By now the marsh will be opulent in its spring greenery. The reeds, rushes and cat-tails will stand erect and be strong enough to support the nest which is placed several feet above the water. A number of stems are laced together and the structure, made of grasses, stalks and fine lining fibres, is a roomy one, deep, to hold the babies safely until they can clamber out under their own power and go adventuring into the world. A watery location has its risks, and a passing wind could dislodge a shallower abode than the foresighted red-wings prepare.

Not always is the nest in a marshy location. Often you will find it in an alder thicket, in a bush or tree by the riverside, or even on the ground among the bobolinks and meadowlarks who are kinfolk to the red-wings. And, speaking of relatives, these birds have an odd assortment which includes the cowbird of unsavory reputation, grackles, orioles, and many other kinds of blackbirds besides the meadow musicians.

After the nesting season the red-wings and their offspring go a-gypsying with others of their kind in large flocks. It is then that they thieve and plunder unmercifully, taking grain from the farmer without a by-your-leave, as they take rice from the southern planter later on. When migration gets under way many thousands of red-wings make the trip together, marching as trained soldiers, wheeling to the right or left or swooping downward as one bird under the able command of the "officer" in charge.

The blackbird family as a whole is looked upon askance by grain growers, but the red-wings have been carefully studied and have been found to destroy thousands of injurious insects, worms, grubs and caterpillars—enough to pay for any foraging they do in spring and autumn. The good they do far outweighs the injury. Weevils, wireworms, click-beetles, gipsy-moth caterpillars, tent-caterpillars, grasshoppers, ants, bugs and flies are all on the menu of this particular blackbird, and for that reason he is protected by law. So, if you have a mania for shooting blackbirds, or covet a pie with four-and-twenty of them in it, don't select the red-wing variety, at least. Even if, as Mother Goose relates, "when the pie was opened the birds began to sing," it would pay you better to hear their song in March when the marshes are greening—the gay jubilee of the bachelors awaiting their ladies—"O-ka-lee-ke, kong-ker-eee."

The ruffed grouse drums his "long roll" by beating his wings with such force that the leaves and grasses in front of the drum-log are flattened down by the blast of disturbed air. This drumming period of the cock partridge is during mating season.



HUNGRY BABY RED-WING BLACKBIRDS

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office; 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

FEBRUARY, 1933

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

New Legislation

THE following two bills introduced into the Legislature of the Commonwealth will surely receive the approval and endorsement of all people interested in the welfare of animals. We beg our readers, residents of this state, to urge upon their representatives at the State House their approval of these two acts.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

In the Year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirty-three

AN ACT RELATIVE TO CUTTING THE MUSCLES OR TENDONS OF HORSES' TAILS AND THE SHOWING OF HORSES.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled and by the authority of the same as follows:

Section 1. Chapter two hundred seventy two of the General Laws is hereby amended by inserting after section eighty B the following new sections:

Section 80 C. Whoever cuts the tendons or muscles of a horse's tail, or whoever causes or procures to be cut the tendons or muscles of a horse's tail, other than as shall be certified to be reasonably necessary by a duly registered veterinarian, or whoever places upon a horse or causes to be placed upon a horse any mechanical device for the purpose of setting up a horse's tail shall be punished by a fine of not more than two hundred fifty dollars. The possession of a horse with a tail the muscles or tendons of which have been cut and with the wound resulting therefrom unhealed confined upon the premises or in charge or custody of any person shall be *prima facie* evidence of a violation of this section by the person in control of such premises or by the person having such charge or custody.

Section 80 D. Whoever shows or exhibits or procures to be shown or exhibited at any horse show or exhibition in the Commonwealth a horse with a tail the muscles or tendons of which have been cut as aforesaid, or with a docked tail, shall be punished by a fine of not more than two hundred fifty dollars.

Section 80 E. The provisions of section eighty D of this act shall not apply to the

showing or exhibition of a horse with a tail the muscles or tendons of which have been cut as aforesaid or whose tail has been docked prior to January 1, 1934, provided that its owner, if a resident of this Commonwealth, procures it to be registered with the clerk of the city or town in which he or she resides, or if a non-resident with the Director of the Division of Animal Industry of the Department of Conservation. Applications for such registration shall be made upon forms approved by the said Director. A city or town clerk or the said Director, if satisfied that the applicant is entitled to the registration of a horse as aforesaid, and that the statements contained in his application therefor are true, shall upon payment of a fee of one dollar register such horse as aforesaid and grant the owner a certificate thereof.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

In the Year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirty-three

AN ACT TO PROHIBIT OR REGULATE THE USE OR EXHIBITION OF DUMB ANIMALS UPON ANY STREET, HIGHWAY OR PUBLIC PARK.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

Section 1. Any person who shall use any animal as an attraction for the purpose of soliciting alms, collection, contribution, subscription, or donation, or shall use any animal as prize or award in the operation of any game of chance or as object of chase or scramble, or shall exhibit any wild animal upon any highway, street, or public park or at any fair, exhibition, or place of amusement, recreation or entertainment for the purpose of attracting trade, or shall have in his custody any animal for such purpose, shall be fined not more than \$100 or imprisoned for not more than thirty days or both. But no provision of this act shall apply to the exhibition of any animal by any educational institution or in a zoological garden or in connection with a theatrical exhibition or circus, or the exhibition of domestic animals at state or county fairs or to what are commonly known as horse, dog, or poultry shows.

On the Present Craze for Tail-mutilation

FROM an article on the Royal Winter Fair, Toronto, in the *Bridle and Gopher*, December, 1932.

... The only criticism of these excellent classes is the disappointing fact that so far nothing has been done to encourage a natural tail in show harness and saddle horses. It is extraordinary why fashion thus mutilates these otherwise beautiful animals. No one with a grain of humanity, be he "horsey" or not, can condone the abbreviated stumps and broken tails. One of the most prominent exhibitors at the Fair has two beautiful harness ponies which cannot be shown at most big shows simply because they suffer the unforgivable crime of having graceful natural tails. Although their conformation and action are nearly perfect, some of the most prominent judges of the day will not place them in the ribbons or

even give them a second thought since they are not mutilated to their taste. Such a deplorable state of affairs cannot be condoned by any true horse-lover, and it is high time the matter came to a head. England has already taken the first step forward. At the London Hackney Show, held recently, horses with undocked tails were given every consideration. At the top of each page in the catalogue was printed: "Horses may be shown in all these classes undocked." England is far older in the breeding and showing of fine hackneys than America; if she can see the error of her ways, surely this continent should follow suit.

John Burroughs and the Apple

The apple is indeed the fruit of youth. As we grow old we crave apples less. It is an ominous sign. When you are ashamed to be seen eating them on the street; when you can carry them in your pocket and your hand not constantly find its way to them; when your neighbor has apples and you have none, and you make no nocturnal visits to his orchard; when your lunch-basket is without them and you can pass a winter's night by the fireside with no thought of the fruit at your elbow, then be assured you are no longer a boy either in heart or years.

President Coolidge

Endorsed Be Kind to Animals Week in Letter to Dr. Rowley

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

March 3, 1924

My Dear Doctor Rowley:

Accept my thanks for your note which brings to my attention the fact that "Be Kind to Animals Week" is to be observed this year, April 6-12th inclusive. I am glad to learn that the celebration of this week is becoming more and more an affair of national interest and concern. The cause is one which thoroughly deserves all the consideration that can possibly be given to it, and I hope that this year's will be the most widespread and general observance that has yet been held.

Most sincerely yours,
(Signed) CALVIN COOLIDGE

When Governor of Massachusetts Mr. Coolidge addressed the following letter, dated April, 1920, to Dr. Rowley:

My dear Mr. President:

I am glad to endorse the action of the Humane Societies of the United States which have set apart the week beginning April 12 and ending April 17, and which is known nationally as "Be Kind to Animals Week." The influence of the observance of such a Week upon the characters of the pupils in our public schools and upon all citizens must be for the development of a nobler and finer kind of citizenship.

However much the Humane Societies have done for animals, they have done vastly more for mankind through the reaction upon them of the spirit of justice and kindness shown to the creatures below them.

Very truly yours,
CALVIN COOLIDGE



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
ALBERT A. POLLARD, *Treasurer*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*
PEABODY, BROWN, ROWLEY & STOREY, *Counsel*

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HARRY L. ALLEN, *DAVID A. BOLTON*
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EDWIN D. MOODY, Pittsfield, Berkshire

Rest Farm for Horses and Small Animal Shelter, Methuen

W. W. HASWELL, Superintendent

Women's Auxiliary of the Mass. S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston—MRS. EDITH WASHBURN CLARKE, Pres.; MRS. ARTHUR W. HURLBURT, First Vice-Pres.; MRS. WM. J. McDONALD, Second Vice-Pres.; MRS. A. J. FURBUSH, Treas.; MISS HELEN W. POTTER, Rec. Sec.; MRS. JOHN A. DYKEMAN, Cor. Sec.; MRS. A. P. FISHER, Chair. Work Committee.

MONTHLY REPORT OF OFFICERS

Miles traveled by humane officers. 14,532
Cases investigated. 743
Animals examined. 4,306
Number of prosecutions. 6
Number of convictions. 6
Horses taken from work. 23
Horses humanely put to sleep. 101
Small animals humanely put to sleep. 787

Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals inspected. 34,053
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep. 37

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of B. Agnes McKenzie of Cambridge, Sarah E. Wenses of Gloucester, and Florence H. Goodsell of Arlington.

January 10, 1933.

Recently, in a questionnaire, 373 persons were asked about the "Kellogg Pact," and 34 per cent thought it had to do with a breakfast food!

—Unity

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital and Dispensary for Animals

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100

Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., Chief
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., Asst. Chief
E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.
W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.
G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.
C. G. HALL, D.V.M.

HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

Springfield Branch

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.
THEODORE W. PEARSON, General Manager
A. R. EVANS, V.M.D., Veterinarian

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR DECEMBER

Including Springfield Branch

Hospital		Dispensary	
Cases entered	702	Cases	2,335
Dogs	538	Dogs	1,906
Cats	147	Cats	401
Birds	10	Birds	21
Horses	6	Guinea Pigs	4
Rabbit	1	Horses	2
Operations	976	Monkey	1

Hospital cases since opening, Mar.

1, 1915 107,904
Dispensary Cases 238,117

Total 346,021

MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS

Summary of Prosecutions in December

For cruelly beating a lame horse, a defendant was fined \$25 and sentenced to the House of Correction for two months. He appealed but later withdrew appeal, paid fine and had sentence reduced to one month, which was suspended for one year.

Cruelly shooting a dog and maiming him so severely with bird shot that he died from the effects, defendant convicted and fined \$15.

Failing to provide proper and sufficient food for hogs, offender fined \$10. He appealed.

Failing to provide a horse, old, feeble, and unfit for work, with food, shelter and protection from the weather, defendant first pleaded guilty then retracted plea. He was found guilty, fined \$10, ordered to pay \$3 for the killing and burial of horse and given three months to pay his debts.

For non-providing three cows, two hogs and a dog with proper food, offender was fined \$50. Sentence suspended for one year.

Cruelly beating a kitten so severely that it had to be put to death, defendant convicted, case filed on payment of costs of \$8 imposed by the court.

For non-feeding his stock properly (defendant refused to provide other than meadow hay); he was found guilty in court and his case was filed when he purchased a ton of good quality hay.

Horsepower

"How do you determine the horsepower of a car?"

"By the number of horses it takes to haul it back to town."

—Motor Magazine

It is the business of the churches to make my business impossible.

FIELD MARSHALL LORD HAIG

President Coolidge on Animals

ON March 30, 1920, there was dedicated in the Massachusetts State House, Boston, the first memorial to animals ever erected in a legislative building. It was a tablet memorializing the horses, dogs and other animals that served in the World War, and was given by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. to the state. After an address by President Rowley, the tablet was accepted by Calvin Coolidge, then Governor of Massachusetts, who said in part:

"Those whom this tablet honors will never know its meaning, its significance, or even of its existence, but we can understand what it means and how much was done for the benefit of mankind by these creatures who suffered for our sakes.

"A merciful man is merciful to his beast. A just man is just to all. We can show our own worthiness by an appreciation of what these creatures did and how they suffered for our welfare.

"I accept this tablet as characteristic of the teachings of the Commonwealth. I accept it with an acknowledgment of the generosity that prompted those who have made it possible. I accept it as an expression of all that is highest and noblest in the history of the Commonwealth."

The San Francisco Society

CONGRATULATIONS to the San Francisco S. P. C. A. upon the completion of its new buildings, comprising one of the best equipped plants for animal hospital and general animal protection work to be found in the country. We regret that space is not available for a more detailed account of the J. Sanborn Doe Memorial Hospital for Animals, built in the old Spanish style of architecture, and of the new administration building, typical of the California mission construction. The Society's property includes frontage of an entire block on Sixteenth street, between Alabama and Florida streets.

The new administration building, with oak doors and mahogany woodwork making a rich interior, is ideally adapted to practical uses, yet built with an eye to beauty. Inscribed on the walls of the outer hall are the names of some of the world's greatest humanitarians, including that of Geo. T. Angell.

We believe that these fine buildings of the San Francisco Society are, in a sense, a monument to Secretary Matthew McCurie, who was on the job day and night during the construction days, and whose long and efficient service with the organization is now recognized in a way that must be very gratifying to him.

More friends are needed to endow stalls and new kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated, 1889
For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
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Humane Press Bureau

Address, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston

Field Workers of the Society

Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington
James D. Burton, Oakdale, Tennessee
Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia
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Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark, Virginia
Miss Lucia F. Gilbert, Boston, Massachusetts
Mrs. Jennie R. Toomim, Chicago, Illinois
Seymour Carroll, Columbia, S. C.

Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzell, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Field Lecturers in Massachusetts

Ella A. Maryott L. Raymond Talbot

A Retirement Fund

THE American Humane Education Society has so far, received gifts amounting to \$6,026 for its trust fund for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in the service of promoting humane education.

If you desire to contribute to this fund, please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. also is raising a special fund to provide, when necessary, for employees who have been retired or for any reason are incapacitated for work. Contributions to this fund should be sent to the Treasurer and marked plainly for Massachusetts S. P. C. A. Retirement Fund.

DECEASED FRIENDS

Who Made Bequests to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society in 1932

NOTE:—Names of all earlier deceased friends, making similar bequests, appear in the issues of *Our Dumb Animals* for February, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, and 1932.

William Appleton, Boston
Frank H. Beebe, Boston
Ada B. Berry, Rochester, N. H.
Mary E. Bullard, Westboro
George G. Cook, Milford
Mrs. Annie A. Daniels, Milford
Mrs. Luanna L. Dame, Amesbury
Alice Tilton Damrell, Boston
Octavia G. Dupee, Wellesley
Charles F. Edgerton, Concord
Florence M. England, Winthrop
Myra R. Fearl, Orange
Florence H. Goodsell, Arlington
John P. Hazlett, Boston
Ella E. Howe, Marlboro
Mary V. Hinckley, Brookline
Frances Emily Hunt, Brookline
Grace A. S. Hutchinson, Winthrop
Mildred Johnson, Dedham
Horace A. Latimer, Portland, Maine
Mrs. B. Agnes McKenzie, Cambridge
Emma A. Presby, Boston
Dr. William L. Richardson, Boston
Emily E. St. John, Cambridge
Louisa S. Sawin, Newton
Annie L. Sears, Waltham
Mrs. Sarah Fuller Smith, Lynn
Eugenia Tiffany, Worcester
Sarah E. Wensen, Gloucester
Mrs. Henry M. Whitney, Cambridge
Miss Annie L. Wood, Newton
Elizabeth J. Wood, Holyoke
Lida R. Woodward, West Springfield

Monthly Report from Fez

We regret that the November report came too late for our last issue.

Monthly Expense Account

November, 1932 — 30 Days		
Daily average large animals	84.3	
Forage for same		\$176.88
Daily average, dogs	13.6	
Forage for same		8.00
Put to sleep	21	7.46
Transportation		6.20
Wages, grooms, etc.		72.85
Inspector's wages		17.67
Superintendent's salary		98.15
Assistant's salary		49.08
Veterinary's salary		15.70
Motor allowance		9.81
Sundries		53.15
		\$514.95

Entries: Horses, 11; mules, 28; donkeys, 77; bull, 1.
Exits: Horses, 12; mules, 22; donkeys, 57; bulls, 3; and camel, 1.

Supt.'s Notes: We have more than 1,000 francs' worth of straw in stock and 4,000 francs of barley. This month's average indicates no estimate of capacity, since just now nearly all large animals are used for ploughing out in the country. This is why the average is no larger than before the Annex was used.
Visits: 380 fondouks visited; 5,528 animals seen; 1,461 animals treated; 77 animals sent in.

Mistress: "Clara, give the goldfish a few more ants' eggs. It is my birthday and I want to see happy faces around me."

—Passing Show

We are certain that unless the churches take a clear and consistent stand on this matter of life and death (war) to our civilization and to the world they will merit the contempt of men and the judgment of God.

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

A Letter from a Banker

THE following is from a good friend, the president of a well-known Massachusetts bank, who says "I enjoy more than I can tell you, your monthly publication."

Dear Mr. Editor:

Being a lover of animals, perhaps it would be interesting to your readers to learn of a few of my experiences with them.

When living in a neighboring small city and being about seven years of age, I was walking along the main street when I realized that there was considerable commotion in the direction in which I was walking. As I went along a good-sized dog ran up to me, apparently appealing for protection. It had always been my custom to speak in a friendly manner to dogs and this fellow seemed really to be in want of a friend. I stopped and patted him and noticed that he was quite excited. At that age, naturally, I could not have been of much help to him, but soon an officer came running along with a revolver in his hand and in a few moments there was a report and the poor dog was murdered, the officer claiming that it was a mad dog. He certainly did not act like a mad dog, when he came to me, and others noticed that I had patted him. How foolish that the world should believe that there is such a thing as a "mad dog." I have never known fear of any kind in meeting strange dogs. Many, many times I have had them come out at me, barking fiercely, but have always either remained quiet or walked slowly to them, talking quietly all the while, and I have yet to meet the first dog that did anything but come up and really want to act friendly.

At my summer home in the country, where the farm is worked on shares, a farmer had a large, rangy, attractive pair of roan horses. I frequently would give them fresh grass and sugar. One day while this team was in town I met the farmer on the sidewalk and was talking with him in an ordinary tone of voice, not noticing that the team was anywhere near us. Soon the farmer spoke to me, saying, "Do you see what the horses you know so well are doing?" I looked and, behold, they were coming right on to the sidewalk up to me, having heard my voice.

I have had many experiences with dogs—too many to mention, in fact—but will tell you of just one that happened within a few days. During the heavy Christmas shopping I went into a chain store to purchase something and did not know that a large dog was lying almost in front of me under the shelf of a counter. When I turned to leave my foot hit the dog, I believe, in the neck or head, and instantly his jaws were around the lower part of my leg, but he released his grasp quickly and sneaked away to the rear of the store, undoubtedly expecting a real kick. I followed him, feeling that an apology was due from me and not from him. I talked to him, and told him that I had accidentally hit him and did not know he was near me, and suggested to him that I would be more careful next time and perhaps it would help him also not to be so quick. The result was that he listened and walked up to me, put his nose in my hand and wagged his tail as much as to say, "It's all forgiven." We parted good friends, but he almost insisted upon going along with me.

Being very fond of dogs, I keep none myself, feeling that it is better to have no special pet and try to be kind to all of them.

While in New York one day, walking along on a cross street, I saw a man who was handling a large, rangy, handsome pair of black draft horses. It was very slippery; evidently it had become so after he started for the day's work. The horses seemed to be full of fear that they were going down and the driver was turning and backing his truck up to the warehouse door. He conducted himself admirably. He did not even speak harshly or loud to the horses, but quietly reined them and talked low, using no whip or attempt to frighten them. He brought his truck just where it belonged after quite a little space of time, letting the team rest between times. I watched him all through it and immediately congratulated him on his conduct with his team. He seemed pleased to have it recognized.

I could recite many pleasant experiences with animals, but enough for this time.

BANKER

Little Woodland God

Reprinted by request

*I think that surely there's a god
For little hunted things;
A god whose eyes watch tenderly
The droop of dying wings.*

*A little woodland god, who sits
Beneath a forest tree,
With baby rabbits in his arms,
And squirrels on his knee.*

*And when a hunter calmly shoots
A deer with dreaming eyes,
I think that little god is there
To love it, when it dies.*

*But all the hungry orphan things
Who weakly call and call—
For mothers who never come,
He loves the best of all.*

*He tells the breeze to softly blow,
He tells the leaves to fall;
He covers little, frightened things
When they have ceased to call.*

*I think his pensive, pan-like face
Is often wet with tears;
And that his little back is bent
From all the weary years.*

Prize poem by JULIA VAN DER VEER in *Troubadour*.

Unconscious Humor

One day, when Mark Twain was very busy writing in his study, his little daughter asked where daddy was, and was told she must be quiet and not disturb daddy, because he was up-stairs writing an anecdote.

Not long after, the door-bell rang and the little girl ran to answer it. The caller asked if Mr. Clemens was in, to which the little miss proudly replied, "Yes, sir, he's in, but you can't see him, 'cause he's up-stairs riding a nanny goat."

..

Join the Jack London Club—a great movement whose goal is the prevention of cruelty to performing animals.



CLARENCE HAWKES,
THE BLIND POET
AND NATURALIST
OF HADLEY, MASS.,
GREAT ADMIRER
AND LOVER OF
DOGS

"A dog gives everything and asks nothing in return," says Mr. Hawkes. "There are no bounds to his love, fidelity and trust. My only anxiety is to be worthy of my dog."

Just Like a Soldier

ULA KING FAIRFIELD

*"Lives there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my dog—my own pet dog?'"*

CAN anyone question the devotion and loyalty of a dog? Or fail to admire unselfish heroism as displayed by "our dumb friends"? Perhaps someone, like myself, has been guilty of scoffing at the very idea of canine intelligence and common-sense. According to Mark Twain, we scoffers are the "dumb friends"—not the dogs. But since it was proved to me that "Duke," our big German police dog, possessed not only acute mental vision but an almost uncanny discernment, I have not discredited any report of a dog's judgment.

Duke was a gift to our two-year-old Sonny, and came to us with a pedigree of German kennel nobility and a record of ancestral blue ribbons. It was no time until the handsome puppy demonstrated his breeding for, soon, he was meeting all passers-by at the corner of the square, and with critical sniffs and appraising eye, was escorting them past the house and well on their way.

As Duke grew larger and older, he grew more and more uneasy at the appearance of strangers, and displayed a decided antipathy to dark-skinned foreigners, always baring his teeth and growling irritably when they came near. Realizing that we must have more yard for him to run in, we moved into a larger place nearby, and I was glad for his sake, and for another reason, too. I had long wished for more room, and more wall space for several large pictures which had been left to me by my English grandfather.

One of these pictures was an oil portrait of a pirate—a native of Morocco. This brigand Moor possessed the "evil eye," and was very striking. Dark-skinned, with his head bound in a blood-red cloth, turban style. A long drooping mustache almost covered his chin, and wicked-looking brass rings hung from the dark ears, accentuating the high cheek bones and general evil expression.

We had never been able to find a proper light for this rather remarkable painting, and, in the new home, we found it just as difficult. After trying a number of places, we found one spot—in the up-stairs hall directly opposite Sonny's bedroom.

I had always boasted that even if Sonny was an "only child," his afternoon naps had never been a problem; that he took this nap for granted, and always slept soundly till I came to awaken him. Now, with everything else to my liking, an unexpected difficulty arose; Sonny could not be coaxed nor bribed to go to sleep in his new room unless Duke was in the room with the hall door tightly closed, and Duke seemed to be in the conspiracy.

Always, when nap time came, Duke would march ahead of us in soldierly fashion, and soon I began to wonder why he growled so fiercely when we reached the head of the stairs, came closer to Sonny, and could not be persuaded nor forced to leave the boy for one second.

One day, it was necessary to send Duke to the veterinary doctor for treatment of a slight infection, and he was to remain there for several days. That afternoon, I put Sonny to bed, tucked him in, and, kissing him, told him I would leave the bedroom door open. A moment later, I heard a scream. Sharp, frightened cries took me to him in a hurry. I found him with his head buried under the covers, crying terribly, and I could not comfort him.

At the same instant, I heard a loud barking and scratching, the front door flew open, and Duke came bounding up the stairs! How he ever broke away from the doctor's office we never knew! But there he was, and in a frenzy of anxiety over the safety of his little chum. Suddenly I understood! For like the soldier that he was, Duke took his stand in front of Sonny, and with his neck bristling as only a police dog's neck can bristle, he began to growl savagely at the picture of the dark-skinned pirate, and with bared teeth and hatred in his eyes, threatened to tear the evil-looking buccaneer to pieces.

"Well, my fine fellow, if that's the way you feel about it, we'll put that brigand in chains and send him to an art gallery!" I laughed, as with Duke close at my heels, I took the picture down. We still own the picture, but we hung it where Duke would never have to look at it again. Many times, as I have watched Duke's golden eyes upon me, I thought, "Do you know more about me than I know myself? Did you see something in that picture which escaped the rest of us?"

How Wild Creatures Care for Themselves when Sick

INSTINCT teaches the wild things how to care for themselves in sickness and in health. Animals and birds invariably do the right thing when disease attacks them. They rest. Where human beings continue their labors, if at all possible, the lower creatures take it easy.

One day on the Western desert I encountered a coyote that was sick. I could tell he was not well because of his lazy, indifferent manner, and the watery solution that dripped from his eyes. Ordinarily a coyote runs rapidly away upon the approach of a human being, but this desert wolf scarcely paid any attention to me, lying stretched out at full length in the blistering heat of the noon-day summer sun. The animal evidently knew the curative value of the sun's rays.

Being interested in nature study, I hid behind a near-by rock to see what he would do. For perhaps half an hour he lay there perfectly still. Then he arose slowly, walked over to a patch of grass, and began eating ravenously. It was a kind of grass that animals eat when their digestive system is at fault. Doubtless this coyote had intestinal influenza, including a genuine old-fashioned stomach ache.

That grass would act as a kind of medicine. Another half-hour passed, during which the animal rested. Then he jumped up and dashed off over a neighboring knoll, apparently feeling fit as a fiddle.

On another occasion I came upon a grouse with a broken wing. Blood was oozing from the feathers, dyeing them red. Never whimpering, she walked down to the near-by creek and used her sound wing to flip water over the damaged member, washing it thoroughly. This duty performed, she walked up a slanting tree that had fallen against another one, jumped out on a tiny limb, and hid in a dense bit of vegetation. The limb on which she perched was too small for vermin such as weasels or minks to climb and, being screened by dense vegetation, she was safe from the prying eyes of hawk or eagle. Rare judgment this. Not all human beings, even, would be smart enough to resort to such strategy. The bird was able to come down once in a while for food and water, and could rest on the limb until the wing healed.

I have seen many strange incidents dealing with wild life in the woods. One morning, while climbing a timbered slope, I encountered a tiny fawn that had a slight wound in its side, probably the result of a fall sometime. Unobserved, I watched the pretty little fellow lick the wound with its clean, pink tongue in order to remove the accumulation of blood. Then he did a still stranger thing—he went over to a pine-tree, which was thickly covered with gummy pitch, and rubbed against the tree for several minutes. How it must have hurt him!

He was gritty, however, and continued until the cut was heavily covered with pitch. The reason for his doing so flashed through my mind instantly. The ill-smelling pitch would keep flies and other insect pests away. I figured he would continue the pitch treatment until he was well again.

When the wild creatures get sick they

can't call a doctor. They must rely on their wits and on instinct to effect a cure. And they seem to use a good deal of common-sense at such times. At any rate they avail themselves of every curative agency they know.

HENRY H. GRAHAM

Saved by Salt—and School-boys

CARLETON A. SCHEINERT

THE herd of mountain sheep which frequent Pike's Peak when the snows close the summit to tourists is growing again—thanks to the courage and care of a group of school-boys.

Once, climbing to the summit of the great Peak, several of us came about the edge of a boulder, and there, across a narrow chasm, was a big-horn ram! He was surprised, too! Slowly the head came up with its great curving horns as he looked at us carefully. Then he turned, sauntered about a nearby boulder—and was gone like the wind! Not till then did we realize how we were holding our breaths, actually paralyzed by the remarkable event. Not even a hand had moved, not a camera thought of!

That winter a ranger found a sheep from the band dead. Soon another was found, and another. Examination of the bodies showed that they died from sickness caused by lack of food—and salt. Heavy snows had driven them from accustomed feeding grounds, had covered much other possible food. The sickness was contagious, the band was daily growing smaller. By spring, if not sooner, signs pointed to disappearance of the herd! Too rare, already!

Appeals for volunteers to carry salt to the dying sheep were broadcast, published in the local papers. And among those reading the news stories of the sheep, and the appeal, was one of the first members of the Colorado Mountain Club, Dr. Lloyd Shaw, now superintendent of the Cheyenne Mountain School at Colorado Springs. In the school were the "Cheyenne Mountaineers," a group of boys and girls banded together to protect our animals, birds and flowers. Here was practical work for them!

A visit was made to ranger headquarters, then a party of boys loaded their pack-sacks with salt for the sheep dying on the boulder fields and started their hard trek up the snow-clad Peak. Rangers had given them locations at which to leave the salt, not only on the Peak itself but on neighboring mountains where the sheep were wintering.

Long and hard was the trip, progress was slow, for the snow in some places made canyons almost impassable. But faithfully and staunchly these young school-boys trudged with their heavy loads, (not forgetting their cameras!) and at each designated location they left a portion of their salt for the sheep before they again turned homeward.

None of the sheep were to be seen on the trip. Wary and fleet of foot they were keeping their distance, so no pictures were taken, cameras returned home unused. But the boys learned that the sheep had found their salt soon after it had been left. Rangers reported no more sheep found dead. The Pike's Peak herd of Rocky Mountain sheep were saved!

An Unusual Snake

FERN BERRY

ON the Michigan pine plains is commonly found one of the most interesting reptiles in the United States, one with a habit which no other snake in this country (and few in the world) possesses. This snake is the commonly called blow snake or puff-adder or, more rarely, called the spreading adder or hog-nosed snake.

It is a thick-bodied snake and is rather short, never measuring much more than



BLOW SNAKE OF MICHIGAN PINE PLAINS

two feet in length. When approached by an enemy it assumes the attitude of the deadly cobra of India and from the power of hissing sharply or spitting it gets its name blow snake or puff adder. It flattens its head until it is almost twice as wide and less than half as thick as normal. It will strike savagely but never quite hits the mark. It is entirely harmless, despite the stories of its poison breath. If it finds that it cannot bluff you by striking, and if you tap it lightly with a stick or with your boot, it will slowly turn over upon its back and relax with gaping jaws. It is to all appearances a dead reptile. Should you walk away it will twist its head about and, if all is quiet, it will quickly come to life and crawl to a place of safety. If you pick it up and turn it over it will repeat the "dying" process over and over a half dozen times.

Like most of the reptiles commonly found in Michigan the blow snake is a benefit to farming and gardening, for it destroys many insects and rodents which are really pests to all growing things. It should enjoy the protection of mankind who are always ready to cry, "Kill the snake."

Annuity Bonds

Many men and women, lovers of animals, are getting both happiness and material comfort from our two Societies' Annuity Bonds. These bonds are absolutely safe. They pay from 4 to 8%—according to your age. Send the coupon for a free folder which gives full details. Fill in the coupon and mail it now.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. (or)
The American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Ave., Boston, Mass.

Without obligation to me, please send me your folder which tells all about your Annuity Bonds.

Name Age

Address

Spanish Attitude Toward Animals

KADRA MAYSI

WITH my visit to Spain ending, the waterfront of Barcelona spreading before my window and the Tour de Carol on the border line of the Pyrenees ahead, I seek a summary of my observations as to treatment of animals in this land of sunshine, kindness, and laughter. I have visited Irun, San Sebastian, Madrid, Segovia, Medina del Campo, Salamanca, Avila, Toledo, Cordoba, Sevilla, Granada, Valencia, Barcelona, and made side trips to a number of other places. And, in every place, I have not only observed carefully but have made inquiries and entered into conversations with residents in regard to their attitude toward animals and their opinion as to general treatment of them throughout the country. I am not good at pointing morals; so I shall relate three incidents (possibly examples) of treatment of animals which I saw and which seem, to me, to sum up the situation.

As we left Avila one afternoon, upon a crowded third-class train, my cousin and I were startled by blood-curdling yelps and squeals coming from a few seats behind us. My cousin turned pale and implored me: "Don't look! Don't look!" But I was already on my feet and looking. I had thought it a dog, but it was a large rabbit, of the variety so common in Spain, and a peasant woman was holding it, head down, in a doll carriage which just fitted it while a villainous-looking man tied its hind feet tight to the perpendicular back of the little vehicle. It was unnecessarily and wantonly cruel. The man was pulling as hard as he could upon the twine which fastened its hind legs, and the animal was being bound head down in a position as uncomfortable as could be. Before I knew what I was saying, I had cried out: "No, no! *Es muy cruel!*" All the other passengers arose and gathered around. A number of them agreed pleasantly: "Si; es muy cruel!" But nobody tried to do anything about it. The rabbit had stopped screaming but the woman (whether she did it merely to show me the creature or whether to flaunt my protests) raised the carriage and shook it until the poor beast squealed again. I appealed to the rather nice looking man who sat opposite me. My cousin, who spoke Spanish fluently, asked him if nothing could be done about it. He shook his head and replied that it was very cruel, but that the rabbit belonged to the woman and was to be eaten anyway.

Passing the Alcazar San Juan, the boy from whom I was buying water deliberately drove a stray dog under the train and then grinned at us. I handed him back the second glass of water which I had asked for and beckoned another boy, saying that I would buy from a boy not so cruel. He grinned rather shamefacedly and regretfully—whether from pangs of conscience or from loss of the second ten centimos, I cannot say. But a man standing near by saw it and, giving the boy a swift smack, ran around the end of the train and called the dog. Other men joined in and it was brought out from under the coach before we began to move.

Upon our first two mornings in Granada,



"BARNEY," A TWENTY-THREE-YEAR-OLD DAIRY HORSE

we were awakened by the agonized and awful screaming of a dog. The cries lasted for fully a minute. The animal was evidently continuing in pain. We saw people running in that direction, policemen among them. I fell back upon the bed, weeping, and vowed that, Alhambra or not, I was leaving the city and the country. My cousin (more sensibly) rang for the maid and demanded an explanation. The maid said that all dogs without homes must be killed and that it was the dog catcher. We had heard no shot. We jumped at the conclusion that the dog was being clubbed or stabbed upon the street. I weeping and my cousin arguing, we nearly drove the kind maid into madness. She finally managed to tell us that the dogs were lassoed with a rope and taken to a gas chamber where they were asphyxiated. Naturally they screamed, more in terror than pain, when being caught.

Incident number one was wanton and inexcusable. Incident number two showed me that, while some Spaniards might be deliberately or thoughtlessly cruel, the humane element outnumbered the inhumane. Incident number three proved that some Spanish cities are on a footing with our best in merciful methods towards their surplus animals.

"Barney"

SARA W. MCINTYRE

FOR eighteen of his twenty-three years, "Barney" has been hauling the Campbell dairy wagon around Northfield, Minn. Everyone knows him and all are interested in the intelligence he displays. He knows the route perfectly. Mr. Overstrud, the milk carrier, never takes the reins; he just speaks to Barney. The horse watches him go from house to house, through the back yards, and keeps up with him on the street. If he doesn't do it fast enough, Mr. Overstrud calls, "Hurry up!" and Barney ambles a little faster. He turns the corners alone and when they get to the end of the route on one street he turns around all by himself in the middle of the street while his master is delivering in some yard. If he is turning around when a car is coming along he stands still, even though he may be directly across the street, so that the driver of the car may tell on which side of him

to drive. Unfortunately, there are blinds on Barney's bridle which necessitate his turning his head completely around in order to watch his master. Mr. Overstrud told me that one day, just to prove how useless the reins are with Barney, he left them off entirely and the horse made the route perfectly.

His owner is very fond of him and shows him every kindness. Every summer for two weeks he is turned out to pasture. At first he is as happy as a colt but by the end of the two weeks he is restless and fidgety. When he is back in the harness and out on the route again he is as delighted as the proverbial fire horse.

Thinking Things Out

HELEN DICKSON

JIMMIE was a fine chestnut horse that I used to drive, and he was a constant proof that animals can think. Driving on country roads and trails, sometimes through deep snow-banks, we occasionally got into difficulties. Then, instead of becoming flurried and nervous, Jimmie could be relied on to take his time and think things out.

Jimmie sometimes put his brains to less admirable uses, as, for example, when he learned to open the gate of his pasture and wander around the orchard, eating apples. The gate was fastened with a large hook, which dropped into a staple. Jimmie was seen to pick this hook up with his lips, and the rest was easy.

As soon as it was discovered how the wise horse made his daily escape, a wire hoop was put over the gate-post and the head of the gate. Then Jimmie was let into the pasture through bars at the other end, and the family hid within sight of the gate to watch his reaction to the new difficulty.

Jimmie sauntered up to the gate with a nonchalant air, bent his shining copper neck and lifted the hook. Now, according to all the rules of the game, the gate should swing open, but it did not. He shook the top bar with his teeth. Still the gate resisted. Jimmie stood still and thought. Then he nuzzled along the top of the gate until he felt the wire hoop. He examined it, and thought again. Suddenly he seized the hoop in his teeth and lifted it off the gate-head. The gate opened, and Jimmie trotted through with a flick of his handsome tail.

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Six hundred and thirty-three new Bands of Mercy were reported during December. Of these, 133 were in Texas, 129 in Georgia, 88 in Virginia, 72 in Vermont, 52 in Rhode Island, 43 in Massachusetts, 38 in South Carolina, 34 in Pennsylvania, 22 in Illinois, 10 in Tennessee, eight in Syria, and one each in Montana, New Hampshire, Oklahoma and Washington.

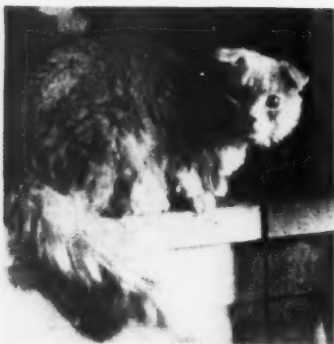
Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 191,840

Use of "The Bell of Atri"

A TEACHER in the Grafton Street Junior High school, Worcester, Mass., who showed our film, "The Bell of Atri," to her pupils, writes:

I wish to express to you my deepest thanks for the loan of such a fine subject, which with the play surely made a very strong and favorable impression upon the minds of the hundreds of pupils who witnessed the performance. The program was a huge success and the many favorable comments came not only from teachers in general but from the English department in particular. It was entitled, "The Value of Animal Life to Man" and consisted of three parts:

1. One-act play, "The Trial of the Birds," in which 32 pupils participated.
2. Recitation, "The Bell of Atri."
3. Showing of film, "The Bell of Atri."



Nineteen-year-old Cat

Few household pets live to the ripe old age of nineteen as did "Tramp," pet cat of the Misses Lillie and Violet Young, of Ludlow, Mass. Officer Theodore W. Pearson, manager of the Springfield office of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., was called to mercifully end the days of this long-lived animal which had become a much-loved member of the Young household.

A Cat and a Singer

MARGARET ANN AHLERS

ONE beautiful summer afternoon of the year 1827, in Stockholm, Sweden, a tired little girl sat by the open window of the steward's lodge at the gate of the Widow's Home.

Looking out upon the busy street leading up to the Church of St. Jacobs, she wished with all her heart that she could go out and play with the other children. They were having such a good time! But, alas, the six-year-old child had so many household tasks that there was little time for play.

The wife of the steward, with whom the girl stayed while her mother worked in Linköping, always locked the door when she went out. The woman was afraid something might happen to the child left in her care, although she had no sympathy for the lonely little one. Often she went out to earn extra money for herself with apparently no thought for the child who was forced to spend many long, tedious hours all alone.

On this particular day the girl could not keep back the tears. But there was one who never failed to comfort her with mute love and affection. One who was always ready to offer companionship. Turning from the window, she saw her cat looking up appealingly. Quickly she gathered him up in her arms, sat down in a chair and began rocking back and forth.

Tears came fast—a shower of glistening drops fell on the furry gray ball cuddled close. As if he wanted to comfort his mistress, the cat stretched out one little white-tipped paw and laid it on her breast. That brought more tears! But soon both child and cat were fast asleep, all troubles forgotten in dreams of better times.

Suddenly the girl woke with a start. The sun had gone down. Dreading the usual scolding when the old woman came back, she began to sing. The cat snuggled closer and started to purr all over again. What a comfort the little fellow was—he loved her, anyway! A sweet song burst from the heart of the child and the sound of her voice floated about the dingy room and out through the open window.

It happened that the maid of a very famous opera singer, Mlle. Lundberg, passed by just then and heard the song. What a beautiful voice! She stopped, knocked, but found the door locked. On making inquiries of the neighbors, they told her about the child who was shut up alone so often and how she sat by the window and sang to her cat.

The maid told her mistress who became much interested. The mother was located and asked to bring her daughter to the great singer. "The child is a genius; you must have her educated and taught how to sing!"

So it came about that the little girl was admitted to the School of Pupils attached to the Royal Theater. Herr Croelius, court secretary and singing master, felt sure a remarkable talent had been discovered. Nor was he mistaken, for the little girl who sang to her cat came to be called the "Swedish Nightingale." She was none other than Jenny Lind, possessor of one of the finest soprano voices the world has ever known.

Be Kind to Animals Week, April 17-22;
Humane Sunday, April 23, 1933.



Writing about Cats

SISLEY HUDDLESTON in *Christian Science Monitor*

Those of us who write in the public prints know that there are certain subjects which create a personal bond between us and our readers. For the most part, their appreciation, so far as we are concerned, is silent. They do not express their approval or disapproval, except on those occasions when something written has gone home to their business and bosoms. We drop as it were, our lucubrations into a dark hole; they disappear and we usually hear of them no more. That they produce some effect, however, we judge by the letters which from time to time reach us; and we are entitled to deem that, if perfect strangers take the trouble to thank us or declare their dissent, there must be many more who nearly took this positive step, and a still greater number who gave at least a passing thought to what we had to say.

But of all the subjects which provoke epistolary communications to the author, that of cats is supreme. I am told that the subjects of dogs is likewise a sure card, but of this I have no personal experience. Whenever I want to be cheered by the consciousness of unknown friends, I write neither about politics nor economics, neither about philosophy nor art; I write about cats. There was a little essay I published five years ago on cats which to this day brings me pleasant missives. When I occupy myself with men and women, there may or may not be a response; but when I occupy myself with cats, I am made aware of the sympathies of a vast army of cat lovers.

Band with an Ideal Name

From the teacher of the Gatlin school, Thomaston, Ga., we have received this interesting account of her new Band of Mercy:

"We have 30 members, and are known as the Lincoln Band of Mercy. The children seem to enjoy it. I am acting president until I can train one of the larger girls for the office. The members have begun at lunch hour to feed the birds. We also have two pet dogs that pay us a visit nearly each day of the school week. I want to thank you for the valuable literature you have sent. We are making good use of it.

(Signed) RUTH HIGHTOVER

It is said that Abraham Lincoln's first composition was on kindness to animals.



"Mike"

(Being the exact description of one little dog!)

MARY GRACE ENSEY

*I have a little, frisky dog,
Wire-haired fox terrier he,
A handsome pup—and oh! he has
A lofty pedigree!
He's busied with affairs of state,
He'd give a lot to know
What makes the rabbits run so fast,
And why the breezes blow!*

*He has to see just what takes place,
And who has come to call,
And he is kept quite breathless, chasing
Shadows on the wall!
He barks—and barks—and barks—until
"Mike, stop! Stop, Mike!" I cry,
"There's nothing there!" He fixes me
With a disdainful eye.*

*Who wouldn't bark at such a sight?
He saw the pixies pass!
He saw a kobold gray and grim,
Atop a blade of grass!
He saw a huge hobgoblin leap
From out an oak tree green!
He heard the flowers whisper low
About the Fairy Queen!*

*He knows so much, and sees so much,
Things that I cannot see,
I am amused at him—but then,
He's more amused at me!
At times he waxes tolerant,
As one who can't help seeing
That he is cleverer far as dog,
Than I as human being!*



WATCH WISE MR. WOODCHUCK, WEATHER PROPHET,
ON CANDELMAS DAY

A Famous Goat

MAY L. BAUCHLE

WILLIAM KENNEY was just a lad when his parents moved from Watertown, Wisconsin, to Minneapolis, Minnesota, and he began his business career by peddling the daily papers upon the city streets. His two most cherished



possessions were a rather dilapidated cart, the forerunner of the roller coaster of today, and a much loved and fairly well trained Billy goat.

After some deliberation the boy hitched the goat to the cart and began hauling papers by this method. For several years the two Billys were familiar objects upon the streets of the Minnesota city. When his ambition outgrew his job as newsboy, William Kenney sold his goat to a rancher living near Midvale, Montana, and then went into the offices of the Chicago Great Western Railway as understudy to the telegraph operator.

Years later, when he had become vice-president of the Great Northern Railway, the question of securing a trade mark for the great system was presented to him. Instead of relegating the task to an employee he called in a commercial artist and set to work. Suddenly, the story goes, he thought of his sturdy friend, the Billy goat which had started him upon the ladder which was to end in the chair of president of the road in which he was interested. Nothing to do but Billy's picture must become a part of the trade mark.

So there he is today, Billy Kenney's boy-time playmate, painted upon hundreds of freight cars rolling from coast to coast.

Knows the Birds and Animals

At the age of thirteen a boy in the Ozarks, Guy Greenwell, Joplin, Mo., can identify seven hundred and fifty birds and animals from pictures, and describe their habits, says a writer in *The Golden Age*. He is in great demand every summer as an instructor of Boy Scout and Y. M. C. A. groups and is able to answer immediately and learnedly about 98 per cent of all the questions put to him regarding bird life. His father is in the poultry business, and the boy himself seems to be a natural-born enthusiast on bird life in all its aspects.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

Free Christmas Dinners for Work Horses

THE Massachusetts S. P. C. A. repeated its custom of seventeen years by providing free Christmas dinners for working horses upon the streets of Boston. On the day before the holiday two large trucks generously laden with oats, corn, cut apples and carrots were dispatched from the Society's headquarters by different routes across the city to points where the greatest number of horses could be reached.

At Haymarket and India Squares which have proved excellent stations for distributing the bags of feed and affording space for teams to tarry as time permitted, the Christmas dinners were distributed. "Peddlers' Row" in the market section was visited at mid-afternoon and nearly a hundred animals were there supplied with good dinners before they scattered for places among the Saturday night marketing crowds. Drivers and their helpers were generously served with hot coffee, doughnuts and sandwiches through the day. More than 400 bags of feed were presented to grateful recipients.

The "Horses' Christmas," as observed annually by the S. P. C. A., is one of the institutions of Boston. It strikes a responsive chord in the hearts of many who are glad to contribute something towards its continuance, even in spite of hard times and adverse conditions brought about by increased motor traffic. It originated here and, as an object lesson, appealing to the eyes and hearts of the thousands that witness it and have an actual part in it, it is both a popular Christmas observance and a public demonstration of humanity to animals.

Said the *Christian Science Monitor* of this year's humane celebration:

"And last but not least comes the Christmas Day dinner for Boston work horses. As is the custom on Christmas Day every year, these faithful and unheralded steeds, who toil through the year, day in and day out, asking nothing but kindness, are given a real horse's dinner with all the 'fixin's' by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Six of Boston's best and biggest work horses, drawing two large wagons upon each of which is a decorated tree, are driven to India and Haymarket Squares. Here the happy horses and their masters gather 'round the banquet table.' Fresh carrots, apples, oats, corn on the cob, and a dessert of loaf sugar are distributed to the horses, while the drivers are given sandwiches and a warm drink."

To all who aided in making another "Horses' Christmas" an outstanding holiday feature, grateful thanks are extended.

Washington's Fine Horses

THE best blood of England had long been drawn upon to improve the horses at Mount Vernon. It is not astonishing that these horses attracted the favorable opinion of the distinguished Marquis de Chastellux, a major general under Count de Rochambeau, who recites in his memoirs his experience at Washington's headquarters in New Jersey:

Whilst we were at breakfast horses were brought, and General Washington gave orders for the army to get under arms at the head of the camp. Two horses were brought which were a present from the State of Virginia; he mounted one himself and gave me the other. Mr. Lynch and M. de Montesquieu had each of them also a very handsome blood horse such as we could not find at Newport for any money. We joined at length the right of the army, where we saw the Pennsylvania line; it was composed of two brigades, each forming three battalions, without reckoning the light infantry, which was detached from the Marquis de Lafayette. General Wayne, who commanded it, was on horseback, as well as the brigadiers and colonels. They were all well mounted. The officers also had a very military air; they were all arranged and saluted very gracefully.

The weather being fair, on the 26th I got on horseback, after breakfasting with the General. He was so attentive as to give me the horse which he rode the day of my arrival, which I had greatly commended. I found him as good as he is handsome; but above all, perfectly well broke and well trained, having a good mouth, easy in hand and stopping short in a gallop without bearing the bit. I mentioned these minute particulars because it is the General himself who breaks all his own horses; and he is a very excellent and bold horseman, leaping the highest fences and going extremely quick without standing up on his stirrups, bearing on the bridle or letting his horse run wild, circumstances which our young men look upon as so essential a part of English horsemanship that they would rather break a leg or arm than renounce them.

General Washington's stature is noble and lofty; he is well made and exactly proportioned; his physiognomy mild and agreeable, but such as to render it impossible to speak particularly of any of his features, so that in quitting him you have only the recollection of a fine face. He has neither a grave nor a familiar air, his brow is sometimes marked with thought, but never with inquietude; in inspiring respect, he inspires confidence, and his smile is always the smile of benevolence.

Charter Member Leaves Fund for Horses' Christmas

A TRUST fund of \$10,000, the interest from which will be used by the Kansas City Humane Society in carrying on the annual Christmas dinner for horses, is provided in the will of Mrs. Emma Robinson of Olathe, Kansas, who died last December. The fund is to be known as the Emma Robinson Horses' Christmas Trust.

The annual Christmas dinner for horses is now a Kansas City institution which Mrs. Robinson helped to establish twenty-four years ago. The fund will be administered by the Fidelity National Bank and Trust Company of that city. Mrs. Robinson also left \$30,000 to Mercy Hospital, an institution for children.

Mrs. Robinson became a charter member of the Band of Mercy in 1882, and was a frequent correspondent of the American Humane Education Society. She saw the Kansas City Band of Mercy grow to a membership of 25,000. For forty years she constantly wore her Band of Mercy pin, even during the last few months of her life, when she was confined to her bed, a victim of paralysis.

JOHN EDWARD HICKS

Prizes for Animal Pictures

WE offer three prizes to boys and girls under fifteen for the best pictures of animals, taken by them, with their own cameras, before April 1, 1933. These may include domestic animals, wild animals, birds, insects, the common toad, practically all animals including the dog and the cat. The pictures must be taken by the boy or girl under fifteen, accompanied by a signed statement from a parent, guardian, teacher, or other adult to that fact. The first prize, \$10; the second, \$5; and the third, \$3.

The object is to encourage the study of animal life with the camera, to quicken the love for many of nature's lowly children and foster the spirit of kindness toward them. Pictures should be addressed, Editor, *Our Dumb Animals*, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., and mailed, with postage fully prepaid, to reach that address not later than April 1, 1933.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office; 180 Longwood Avenue. Address all communications to Boston.

TERMS

One dollar per year. Postage free to any part of the world.

Humane Societies and Agents are invited to correspond with us for terms on large orders.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Active Annual	\$10 00
Associate Life	50 00	Associate Annual	5 00
Sustaining	20 00	Annual	1 00
		Children's	\$0.75

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

In making your will, kindly note that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." It is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country. It has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to The American Humane Education Society) the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

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Editor.